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Hon. John T. Nixon

Regards of

A. F. Schenck

Memorial Addresses

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

DELIVERED IN

THE OPERA HOUSE,

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

Tuesday, August 4, 1885.

Published by Order of the Committee of Arrangemen

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.
J. Heidingsfeld, Printer, 24 Albany Street.

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"I have witnessed, since my sickness, just what I have wished to see since the war—harmony and good feeling between the sections. * * Now we may look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength that will screen us against any foreign complications."

U. S. GRANT.

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PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Committee of Arrangements, &c.

PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS.

The iniatory arrangements for holding a memorial service in New Brunswick, in honor of the memory of General Ulysses S. Grant, were made by the Grand Army of the Republic, July 29, 1885, when a committee was appointed to call a public meeting of the citizens of New Brunswick, requesting their co-operation. Notices were inserted in the newspapers of the City that a public meeting would be held in Room No. 10, Masonic Hall, on the following Thursday evening, at eight o'clock.

A large number of citizens assembled in response to the call. The meeting was organized by the appointment of Major A. M. Way, as Chairman, and Captain O. A. Kibbe, as Secretary. After discussion, it was decided, with entire unanimity, to hold a memorial service in the Opera House, on Tuesday, August 4th, 1885, and on motion of the Rev. G. C. Maddock, pastor of the Pitman M. E. Church, a Committee of Arrangements was appointed, consisting of three persons from each ward of the City, as follows:

First Ward.—P. Hampton Wyckoff, P. S. Atkinson and W. S. Van Doren.

Second Ward.—Robert Carson, James Neilson and M. G. Cathcart.

Third Ward.—Mayor W. S. Strong, J. B. Borden and Aaron Wolfson.

Fourth Ward.—J. C. Scott, Josiah Tice and C. H. Bowne.

Fifth Ward.—G. S. Van Wickle, Henry Waker and J. D. Martin.

Sixth Ward.—James H. Van Cleef, John R. Russell and Charles T. Cowenhoven.

The committee was authorized to fill vacancies and to make all necessary arrangements for the memorial service.

Subsequently a meeting was held by the Citizens' Committee and by representatives from the Grand Army Posts, as follows, viz:

PROCEEDINGS OF JOINT COMMITTEE.

A. M. Way, J. T. Whittier and S. A. Cannon, from Kearney-Janeway Post, No. 15; Adrian Bergen, George Dohm and A. P. Daire, from Robert Boggs Post, No. 67; P. H. Wyckoff and P. S. Atkinson from the First Ward; Robert Carson from the Second Ward; W. S. Strong, J. B. Borden and Aaron Wolfson from the Third Ward; J. C. Scott, Josiah Tice and C. H. Bowne from the Fourth Ward; G. S. Van Wickle and J. D. Martin from the Fifth Ward; James H. Van Cleef and Charles T. Cowenhoven from the Sixth Ward.

An organization of the Joint Committee was effected by the election of Judge C. T. Cowenhoven, Chairman; O. A. Kibbe, Secretary; and J. B. Borden, Treasurer.

Sub-committees were appointed on Speakers, Officers, Hall, and other necessary arrangements, in order to carry out the details agreed upon by the General Committee.

THE SERVICES AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

The programme, as arranged by the Committee, was successfully carried out on Tuesday, August 4th, 1885, at four o'clock, P. M. The public generally manifested great interest in the proceedings, and the audience completely filled the Opera House. The exterior of the building, the entrance and also the auditorium, were tastefully and appropriately draped. All listened with the deepest attention to the impressive ceremonies.

Kearney-Janeway Post, No. 15, Robert Boggs Post, No. 67, Grand Army of the Republic, and the Woman's Relief Corps, No. 2, auxiliary to Kearney-Janeway Post, G. A. R., occupied the front seats in the parquet. The private boxes were occupied by the families of General McIntosh, Admiral Boggs, Senator Schenck, Judge Cowenhoven and the relatives of Colonel Hugh H. Janeway. The platform was occupied, on the right, by the well-known Moody and Sankey choir, led by Mr. Wyckoff Powelson. Mrs. *Henry Boice* presided at the organ. The Mayor and Common

Council, and the Board of Education, occupied the left, while the speakers, the Faculty of Rutgers College, Rev. Dr. Campbell, Professors of the Theological Seminary, the Clergy, members of the Middlesex Bar and of the medical profession, and other prominent citizens, occupied the centre of the platform.

Judge Cowenhoven, in calling the assemblage to order, briefly alluded to the solemnity of the occasion, and stated that the meeting was intended to do honor to the memory of a distinguished man, whose greatness was only exceeded by his magnanimity. His remarks were clothed in eloquent and appropriate language, and were made with great earnestness. He then introduced our distinguished citizen, Rear Admiral Charles S. Boggs, as presiding officer.

Admiral Boggs, on taking the chair, returned thanks for the honor conferred, and called on the venerable Dr. William H. Campbell, who feelingly implored the Divine blessing, expressing gratitude to Almighty God for his goodness in providing the right man at the right time, and also giving thanks for the era of good feeling existing between the North and the South.

At the close of the services, on motion of Major Way, a vote of thanks to the speakers, and all who had taken part in the ceremonies, was unanimously adopted.

The benediction was pronounced by the venerable G. S. Webb, D.D., who, though in his ninety-sixth year, was present during the entire services.

In response to the Mayor's proclamation, and in harmony with the feelings of the people, all places of business in the city were closed during the afternoon, flags were displayed at half-mast and the church bells were tolled.

The order of exercises at the Opera House was as follows, viz:

Memorial Services

IN HONOR OF THE MEMORY OF

GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT,

—IN THE—

OPERA HOUSE,

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.,

Tuesday, August 4th, 1885.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music by the Band.

INVOCATION,.....BY THE REV. WM. H. CAMPBELL, D.D., LL.D.

Hymn by the Choir.

ADDRESSES BY

COLONEL H. M. NEVIUS,...Commander of G. A. R. Department of N. J.

REV. JAHLEEL WOODBRIDGE,.....Of Mississippi.

Music by the Band.

ADDRESSES BY

HON. ABRAHAM V. SCHENCK, and by

MAJ. GEN. JOHN B. McINTOSH.

Hymn by the Choir.

ADDRESSES BY

REV. JOHN HANDLEY, and

A. P. DAIKE, G. A. R.

Music by the Band.

ADDRESSES,.....By JOHN R. RUSSELL, Esq., and others.

Hymn by the Choir.

BENEDICTION,..... By REV. G. S. WEBB, D.D.

REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES S. BOGGS,

Chairman of Meeting.

COMMITTEE.

HON. CHARLES T. COWENHOVEN, HON. JAMES H. VAN CLEEF,

HON. ROBERT CARSON, COL. ALEX. M. WAY,

JOHN D. MARTIN, Esq., P. HAMPTON WYCKOFF, Esq.

Remarks of Hon. C. T. Cowenhoven,

CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE, ON CALLING THE MEETING TO ORDER.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—We have assembled here this afternoon as citizens, to render a tribute of respect and honor to the memory of the late General Grant.

Recognizing in him the successful General, the greatness of whose achievements in the field were only excelled by his magnanimity to his fallen foe, we this day testify, by our presence here, the appreciation of those qualities of mind and heart which have challenged for him the respect and admiration of the civilized world.

The Committee of Arrangements have prepared the order of exercises to be observed this day.

And now it is my pleasure to introduce to you, as the Chairman of this meeting, Admiral Charles S. Boggs, distinguished for the services he has rendered his country, and it is proper that he, who was the friend and companion of the great soldier, should preside at this memorial service.

Address of John R. Wheeler,

OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
His silent tent is spread.—"

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—We have met here this afternoon to pay a last tribute of respect to the memory of the greatest soldier of modern times. Contemporary judgment of a great man's abilities and achievements is almost sure to be exaggerated. Those who have lived near to him, and learned, through close and intimate acquaintance, to love and honor him for his greatness of heart and intellect, are sure to magnify his greatness. On the other hand, a great man's enemies are just as sure to detract from his achievements and his abilities. Notwithstanding this tendency to exaggerate, I believe that the most flattering judgment of the present will seem tame by the side of the glory which the future will bestow upon General Grant; for he was the champion of civil liberty—the saviour of the liberties of millions of people. As time goes on and his fame increases, the detractions of his enemies will be forgotten.

If you would realize how solid is the foundation upon which his fame rests, turn your thoughts backward to the years before 1861, and observe the condition of your country. Happy and prosperous, the asylum of the oppressed of all the world, the home of perfect civil liberty, save only in the South, where the existence of negro slavery is fostering the growth of intolerance, and where a slave-holding aristocracy has arisen, which is destined to strike at the life of the nation. This perfect liberty of conscience, of thought and of act was the boast and pride of the American people. It was and is the one characteristic of our national life, *which* makes us a proud and happy people—different from all

other people of the earth—and yet here, in the sunny South, here, in the very cradle of this great liberty, on the soil which had reared some of the most earnest patriots of the Revolution, at the very home of Washington, an aristocracy, which had grown strong and powerful, was preparing to destroy all that their fathers had gained for them. The clash of arms came. To the God of Battles was entrusted the fate of our glorious liberty, and he raised up our champion—General Grant.

It has been said that General Grant was not a statesman, that his administration of the Government was not a success; but it will be very difficult to make any of us, who had the honor to serve under him in the field and who knew his simple and honest ways, believe that the dark recesses of political intrigue have cast a shadow over the fair name of our great leader which the brilliancy of his achievements will not dispel.

"On *fame's* eternal camping ground
His silent tent is spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

Address of Rev. Jahleel Woodbridge.

I appear before this audience to-day as a citizen of Mississippi. The committee which has charge of these services has deemed it suitable that on such an occasion, as far as possible, every portion of the country should be represented.

The *South* has, in distinct words, spoken its sentiments of the great commander, who more than twenty years ago led the armies of the Union, has since occupied the highest office in the land, and who now sleeps in death. The war was a conflict of brave men with brave men, and now that it is past, journals, statesmen and soldiers of the South have uttered words of sympathy and praise of the dead hero. His fame is as wide as the world; no civilized nation but has spoken the name of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant. He will live in history, one of the "great immortal names which were not born to die."

Nor will you deem it unfit on this occasion that I should speak of the noble men who were his enemies on the field of battle—his friends when the battle was over. We are all Americans, and may we not enwreath with such names as Meade, McClellan, Kearney and Grant, those of Buckner, Jackson and Lee? Nor should it be forgotten that as from northern fields, factories and counting rooms young men went forth in the North to battle and death, so the young men of the South poured out their blood like water for the "lost cause," as they rallied around the flag which is now furled forever.

May we not appeal to that chord of sympathy which runs through the hearts of both sections? "Rachel" must "weep for her children," even if they die with their face to the foe and in the noblest cause. Few were the homes in all the land which were

left without some great bereavement during that momentous struggle. In the heat of deadly conflict the sections were united in the "mystery of sorrow," and now that the conflict is over, shall we not mingle our congratulations that the din of war, with its deadly attendance of woe, is heard no more. We are all brethren. The flag hangs drooping to-day over every portion of the nation whose united sovereignty it represents.

For half a century, while slavery existed, there was the ceaseless breaking of the billows of dissention in all the council chambers of the Union. Now there is not a slave nor a "slave-holder" in all the land. What source of disquiet exists? Why should "North" and "South" be more than mere geographical distinctions? Are we not one people? Does not this funeral service for the dead soldier proclaim it? No voice of discord mingles with the lamentations which are in the air to-day. There are no death missiles in the firearms discharged over a soldier's grave. They were for an earlier day and amidst bloody scenes of the past —past, to return no more.

You will will not expect from a minister of the Gospel a review of the political life of General Grant. The fact that we love to contemplate at his grave is, that as he was in war fearless, so in victory he was magnanimous. Appomattox wreathes the garland which to-day the South would lay upon his grave. The great soldier felt no animosity to the worn and shattered army which laid its torn banners at his feet. It was the end; and when no longer embattled, they were his countrymen, no longer foes—*Americans*. His word was law, and might have been a word of doom. He paroled them. Hungry! he fed them, and bade them go home unharmed with the means to cultivate the fields which war had made desolate. I need not reiterate the events of that day. It is written on the hearts of thousands. Is it not something to record on some high monument that the only blood shed in those dreadful years of civil war was shed in battle, and when the battle was over came whispers of peace. This is the boon and blessing of General Grant. It was he who threw over the nation

the mantle of peace. Let it never be rent asunder. That we are one, is due, in great part, to his wisdom, and to a gentleness of heart akin to the tenderness of woman. The parting words of Washington were of freedom from sectional division. The parting hours of the Great Commander, whose name is with the mighty dead, but spoken to-day by millions, were of congratulation and joy that animosity had passed away. So be it evermore.

Address of Senator R. C. Schenck.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—It is no ordinary occasion that calls us now together. On which ever side we turn our eyes we behold evidences of grief. The Republic mourns. A *nation* is in tears!

No common event could arrest the business energies of this country, stay the pulsations of its great heart, clothe the land with emblems of sorrow and bring lamentation from the lips of our people.

A great man has died. ULYSSES S. GRANT is no more. His deeds and his character are now with the changeless records of the past. His epitaph is written.

Perhaps no man's greatness has been more universally conceded. He *was* great. *Great* not only because of the exalted positions to which he had attained in the army and in the State; as the commanding general of the vast armies of the Republic during the most critical period of the civil war; as President of the United States for eight important years of our country's history; but he was also *great* in his achievements in behalf of that country, and *great* in the possession of those traits of character which have endeared him to the masses of his countrymen. Gladly do we now recall, and fondly do we now dwell upon, those grand and ennobling qualities of mind and heart.

His soldiers loved and respected him for his simplicity; his contempt for all mere show and parade; his exemption from vanity; his absolute forgetfulness of self in his desire to be just to the merit of others; his frankness; his fearlessness; his coolness and composure on the battle-field, and his inflexibility of purpose and will. They well knew that when he said ONWARD, he had no

thought of retreat; that he only accepted "unconditional surrender." They had implicit faith in his judgment; reliance upon his skill, and they put their trust in the MAN. He was always in the front; he never sought to evade the danger or the responsibility of the battle; his military resources were unlimited; his patriotism was never doubted.

The confidence of his soldiers in GRANT'S abilities as a leader, no doubt, contributed greatly to his success. They were ever ready to follow where *he* led. Though sometimes temporarily checked, he was never defeated. His military plans were always successful. He had not only the capacity to plan, but also the energy and courage to execute. What other men of less ability would have failed entirely to discern, or would have conceived only after slow process of reasoning and mental research, seemed to flash upon his mind with the inspiration of genius. He was not precipitate; he was never rash. The results of his plans dawned upon us as the systematic working of a nicely adjusted piece of machinery, which performs its allotted task with absolute certainty; yet so deftly, so smoothly and noiselessly, that we do not at first fully appreciate the importance of the work accomplished.

Stern and inflexible in his requirements of the discharge of military duty, he had a kind, warm and sympathetic heart. He was as gentle as he was brave. Many instances, illustrative of this fact, have been given since his death; showing those traits of kindness and regard for the lowly in our illustrious chieftain, which shall linger on the lips, and ever keep his memory green in the hearts of the people.

GENERAL GRANT was essentially a man of the people; *from* the people and *of* the people; and the *people* loved him when living, and will ever revere and cherish his memory. He never lost that simplicity of character which made him so dear to his countrymen. At the head of the army as its General; at the head of the nation as its President; as the honored guest of kings, princes and *potentates* of the old world, he never, by word or act, compromised

his dignity as a simple American citizen, or failed to reflect lustre and grandeur upon his native country.

His rise was so sudden that he seemed to burst upon us at once, in the noon-tide of the splendor of his genius. Those of us who remember the many trying incidents connected with the progress of the unhappy civil war, which desolated parts of our land, will recall with what doubt and incredulity the word of the splendid achievements of Fort Donelson and Vicksburg were at first received. The doubting sneer passed from lip to lip: "It is too good to be true." So many reverses had before disgraced the national arms that our people had become distrustful and dispirited. Disaster had followed disaster in rapid succession, until it seemed that the nation's flag was trailing in the dust. But here was infused fresh hope—new life. The results of GRANT's victories at Fort Donelson and Vicksburg, and Meade's success on the bloody field of Gettysburg, were beyond our wildest dreams—our most ardent hopes. Yes, it *was* true; and the military genius thus made manifest to the world, pressed steadily onward; single and direct in its purpose; never halting; never wavering; though sometimes checked, yet always triumphant, until it emerged in the full blaze of glory at Appomattox.

Who can now doubt, after the exacting criticism of nearly a quarter of a century, that the Union of these States, under Providence, is due to the unfaltering patriotism, the indomitable will and the splendid military genius of ULYSSES S. GRANT? Of what avail would have been the ability and honesty of purpose of LINCOLN in the Cabinet, without GRANT in the field?

Well may the nation mourn its illustrious dead! Well may we sorrow in sympathy, and mingle our tears in common over his ashes with those who were near and dear to him. Well may magistrates and people unite to do honor to his memory, in all parts of this land, he has done so much to succor and to save in its time of dire extremity. In honoring *him* we but honor the country which gave him birth, and the institutions to which may justly be ascribed his fortune and his fame.

No country or State of modern times has ever owed such a debt of gratitude to its great men, whom it has loaded with titles, honors and riches when living, and to whose memory it has erected costly monuments, as this country owes to GENERAL GRANT. What were the services of Marlborough, or of Wellington, to England, compared with those of GRANT to this country? Yet *they* live in English history as her greatest chieftains, and all the beauties of poetry and of art have been invoked to immortalize their memory.

The pride and pomp with which the ashes of the great Napoleon were brought from their quiet resting place at St. Helena and were entombed beneath the dome of the "Invalides," at Paris, is familiar to all. Though France may pride herself upon his military genius and achievements, that pageant was, in fact, but a selfish concession by the King of France to the democratic sentiment of the people. The French people honored Napoleon's memory because he contributed to the glory of their nation, and Louis Phillippe fed their vanity, with the vain hope of increasing his own popularity. What did Napoleon deserve from the *people* as compared with GRANT? The splendid chapel and monumental marbles of that magnificent structure, and the ceaseless tread of the armed sentinel over his grave, attest the homage still paid to Napoleon's fame and deeds. Can it be truly said of him, as of GRANT, that the political unity and existence of his country depended upon and was the result of his efforts in her behalf? No! and in the light of this great truth, how insignificant become the greatest exploits of those so-called great men, whose sole aim is the glory of a name or the extension of an empire.

GENERAL GRANT'S conduct as a statesman has been sometimes criticised. It must be remembered that he never made any pretension to the character of a *statesman*. He took no part in political strife; he always declared his aversion to it. His elevation to the Presidency was the voluntary offering of a grateful people. Had he been *selfish*, he would have retained his rank as General of the army, with its emoluments; rested upon the glory of his past history, and declined to enter upon the new, and, to

him, strange and untried field of politics. In the *one* his position and independence were assured; in the *other*, all was vague and uncertain. Nor had he any additional distinction to gain. He yielded his own wishes and desires to the will of the people. He accepted the high trust with all of its cares and responsibilities. He discharged the most important duties of that office to which his attention was called, as the executive head of the Government, faithfully and well. His excellent judgment; his sterling good sense; the directness with which he reasoned and pressed onward toward the desired end, *now*, as at all other times, and in all other places, assured a correct result. While his native modesty shrunk from assuming the position or character of a *statesman*, disinterested history will record the fact that some of his acts as President of the United States, were dictated by the prudence and forecast of the highest order of statesmanship.

The harmony of GENERAL GRANT'S character was beautifully shown during his last painful illness. His kindness and tenderness to, and his solicitude for those about him, which caused him to suppress and endeavor to conceal the racking tortures which he patiently endured; his entire self-abnegation, and his last touching tribute of affection to his wife—to her he loved so well—was a fit ending to this grand life. How, during all that time, our heart-strings throbbed whilst anxiously waiting for the daily bulletins of the progress of his disease! How our hopes rose and fell! How fervently the prayers of this great people went up to the throne of Almighty God, that the life of our illustrious chieftain might be prolonged!

But he passed away; quietly, peacefully; in the full possession of his mental faculties to the last, as he had expressed his wish that he might die. He met death as he had met his country's foe in the field—with an intelligent courage and a calm heroism. Soon the grave will close upon *him*, who was *General, President*, but greatest and grandest of all, *an honored American citizen*.

Let monuments be raised to his memory! Let sculpture and poesy preserve his name for all time! Let him live forever in the

hearts of the American people! Let history proclaim his deeds and fame to all the nations of the earth! But let *us* remember and honor him as the patriotic American citizen, whose sole thought, wish and desire was the welfare of his country.

Should we weep for him? Should we not rather rejoice that this grand life has ended thus grandly? Rejoice that our historic annals bear the name of GRANT? That he was *of us*? That his deeds and fame are *ours*?

All these emblems of mourning; the draped flags; the tolling bells; the minute guns; the measured tread of thousands of his late fellow citizens and comrades in arms, following his remains to the tomb, are but fitting tributes of respect to the memory of him, who, living, we delighted to honor. They cannot add to his greatness; cannot ennoble *that*, which was inherently and by nature, *noble*. They cannot add to the proportions of that ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTER, which history will preserve for the admiration of the world in all future time.

We can but fondly cherish the memory of his character and his deeds, and lay our offerings upon his grave.

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

Address of Gen. John B. McIntosh.

It would seem, ladies and gentlemen, as if these memorial proceedings might be now very appropriately brought to a close after listening to the able and interesting speech of the Hon. A. V. Schenck. Certainly nothing that I could say would seem new or interesting after his eloquent oration. But as I am called upon, it would seem proper, upon this occasion, to recall some of the various incidents of Gen. Grant's life, which are certainly very remarkable, and so far as his military career is concerned, have stamped him very dear to American hearts, and high on the roll of military chieftains.

Gen. Grant was born in 1822, and at seventeen he entered West Point as a cadet, and graduated in 1843, and was assigned to the Fourth Infantry. His first tour of active service was with his regiment in Mexico. He was present in every battle of that war except Buena Vista, and performed distinguished service, and came out of it as a Brevet Captain. He spent two years in garrison duty at Detroit; afterwards at Sackett's Harbor, and in 1852 was transferred to California, where he remained until 1854, having attained the rank of Captain. He then resigned from the army and removed to Gravois, near St. Louis, where he owned and worked a farm. After erecting his house, he called it "Hardscrabble." He worked on his farm until 1858. Having failed to make both ends meet, he entered into the real estate business, and became a member of the firm of Boggs & Grant. Not successful in this venture, in 1860 he is established as a clerk in his brother's leather store, at Galena, on a salary of six hundred dollars a year, which was raised to eight hundred dollars in the succeeding year, when the war broke out. His brother, who was

thirteen years his junior, thought it a great stretch of generosity to call his services worth eight hundred dollars a year.

When the war broke out he offered his services to the Government in a letter to the Adjutant-General, offering to serve in any capacity he could be of use. The letter was not preserved nor did he receive any answer to it. Four days after the President's first call for troops, he was drilling a company of volunteers at Galena, Illinois, and went with it to Springfield. He was offered the Captaincy of the company, but as he had been a Captain in the army, he declined it, thinking he ought to have something better. He remained in Springfield some time, his military knowledge being utilized in the organization of the volunteer troops of the State. He visited Cincinnatti to see Maj.-Gen. McClellan, whom he had known in the old army. He visited his headquarters twice, but failed to see him, and then returned to Springfield. Then Governor Richard Yates, of Illinois, offered him the Colonelcy of the 21st Regiment of Infantry from that State, which he accepted. He took command of his regiment and marched with it at once to Missouri. In August he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and took station at Cairo.

From there he moved against Paducah, which he seized, thus securing control of the Ohio river. He next fought the battle of Belmont. Afterwards we hear of him reducing Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, and then marching his army against Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, which he took, with a large number of prisoners. We next hear of him fighting and winning the battle of Shiloh. We then follow him while he is operating against Vicksburg, and after repeated efforts, on the north side of that town, trying to reach the high land, and after exhausting every resource to attain his end, we see him pass his army below Vicksburg, cross the Mississippi at Bruensburg, and moving his army, without a base, between two armies of the enemy, he fights them in detail, and in five battles at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills and Edwards Station, he beats them. *Then encamping* his army in an encircling position around Vicks-

burg, he establishes a complete siege, which compels the surrender of Pemberton and his army on the Fourth of July, 1863.

We next hear of him going to raise the siege of the army under Rosecrans, then lying at Chattanooga. That army was reduced to the greatest extremities, and in a short time we see him, having provisioned his army, moving against Bragg, as he thought, impregnably positioned on Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. With strategy equal to that displayed in reducing Vicksburg, he wrests Lookout Mountain from the grasp of the enemy, then dashes at Missionary Ridge, and before Bragg realizes it, his army is beaten and in full retreat. The proud enemy, looking down from the heights above Chattanooga, awaiting his prey, is suddenly overwhelmed by the ever victorious Grant.

After this victory the office of Lieutenant-General is created, and General Grant is appointed to it, and called to Washington to take command of all the armies of the United States. He makes his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, and on the 5th of May he engages with General Lee in a death struggle in the Wilderness. From thence on to Appomattox it is a meeting of giants, until finally the enemy succumbs, surrenders his armies, and the greatest war of modern times is brought to a close.

The hero of it immediately takes steps to disband the numerous hosts called into service, and the country willingly and gladly opens its industrious portals to receive the veterans, who quietly assume the duty of the peaceable citizen.

After the war we see him standing firm as a rock against the policy of vengeance about to be inaugurated upon the enemy whom he had paroled. What a spectacle this quiet, modest, unassuming General presents as he stands firmly for the right, shielding his late enemies, to whom he had pledged his word, that upon laying down their arms and returning to their homes, they should not be disturbed. It is to me one of the brightest chapters in his life; for, as ever, he combatted for the integrity of his country and the welfare of all its people.

Address of Rev. John Handley,

PASTOR OF ST. JAMES' M. E. CHURCH, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

The following beautiful words of Tennyson, written as a description of the character of Wellington, can very appropriately be applied to that of our departed chieftain, whose obsequies we are now celebrating:

"Our greatest, yet with least pretense,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost Captain of his time;
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

"Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor faltered with eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid stream of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high or low.
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life,
He, on whom from both her open hands,
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn."

Words and sentences fell from the lips of this silent man that have become maxims and proverbs. Gen. Grant had a rich and marvelous experience. Born not only the creature, but almost the victim of circumstances; frowned upon by prosperity and courted by adversity; nevertheless, with his herculean will, with the intrepidity of the ancient and classical Ulysses, with indomitable perseverance, caparisoned by common sense, he gloriously lifted himself from his obscure and trying environments to the lofty peaks of honored publicity, and unconsciously compelled his State and country to admire and applaud till she had lavished upon him her finest enconiums. Never in our history did a simple citizen receive such high honor from foe, stranger and foreigner, as did *Ulysses S. Grant.*

Though this noble man is dead; though the silver cord be loosed and the golden bowl be broken, and dust returned to dust, behold the dead yet speaketh, for to-day the wheels of industry are stilled, the voice of commerce hushed in solemn silence, the spirit of navigation, with her flag at half-mast, moves with funereal slowness. England, in his honor, bows within her holy cathedral, while in distant, different lands, the mourners are going up and down the streets, and seemingly the world stands still to listen, feeling that the subtle magnetism of this unassuming hero, lying in the cold embrace of death, without epaulet or sword, has drawn together this vast concourse of peoples and elicited these sincere and worthy eulogies.

We are becoming more and more conscious of his intrinsic greatness. First, as soldier, he was patriotic, self-sacrificing, magnanimous and brave. As General he collected, inspired, developed and stationed his men so admirably, that victory longed to honor him. He took the weary and much depreciated Army of the Potomac and led them on to valiant success and the much coveted surrender of Richmond, proving that in valor and ability they were equal to any legion or phalanx that ever struggled on the field of battle. While his victories from the beginning to the close of the war are wonderfully great, still there was something greater.

As the painter is greater than his painting, the poet than his production, and the inventor than his invention, so General Ulysses S. Grant was greater than all his victories combined, and the writer and student of history, in the future as in the present, will find Olympus-like, towering above them all, the calm, soldierly genius of this man, summoned by destiny and Providence to cement and perpetuate our Union.

In simplicity and purity of mind, he eclipses the greatest Generals of antiquity. He was a stranger to vulgarity and profanity. The religious training of his childhood, developed that kingly character, so inflexible in its nature, that it could not be weakened by the severest temptations of tent life. He honored our God

with reverential respect, and spoke of the Bible as the sheet anchor of our liberties, and was a regular attendant on the Sabbath church services. His home was the very Palladium of peace and virtue. Its scenes are as attractive as are any of his military exploits. The christian parent, the church and the nation, may point to it with pride as a representative American home. How beautiful this home appears, at Mt. McGregor, during the last days of this great man's illness.

Behold the faithful wife and children, with loving caresses and tearful eyes, bidding the last sad farewell to the upright husband, to the chaste and affectionate father, whose last thought was not of himself, but of the grand unity of North and South, and the future welfare of his family. There, also, in solemn accents, his pastor administers the sacrament of baptism, and to the serious question, "Dost thou renounce the vain pomp and glory of this world?" the noble champion of honor and chivalry answered, "I do, sir.' Then, as the sun was quietly creeping up the mountain side, dispelling the mists, the Sun of Righteousness, on the opposite side, arose with healing in his wings, and taking one of the noblest and choicest spirits of the nineteenth century, carried him to his eternal home. There, with Lincoln and Garfield, he rests, where peace reigns supreme.

"Oh, his laurels were pure, and his patriot name
In the page of the future shall dwell;
To be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,
By the side of a Washington, Wellington, Tell."

Address of A. F. Dair,

OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Although a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, my duty will be to speak in behalf of the mechanics, laborers and other wage workers. In performing my sad duty, and realizing the solemnity of the occasion, and the great sorrow of the nation, I regret that the task has not fallen into abler and more competent hands, for the legacy, left us by him whom we mourn, is worthy the efforts of a Demosthenes—the legacy of a united, free and independent Government.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

How well these lines represent the great life just ended. When the nation was in danger, there came forth from the lowly surroundings of a tan yard at Galena, a great master mechanic, who was destined to cut the shackles from a race in bondage, and reweld, in the fire of battle, the bond of Union of these United States.

On the twenty-third day of July a nation mourned the loss of a great General, and none mourned more sincerely than the mechanics and the laborers and toilers of the land. Yes, a nation of toilers felt keenly the loss that the whole world has sustained. To-day the hammer lies silent on the anvil, the machinery of the mills and factories is quiet, and all is still in the presence of the great sorrow that broods over the land. Every laborer's heart feels the pang at the loss of a great master mechanic, the successful General, the hero of the age, the true American citizen, the toiler and christian gentleman.

As the nation gathers around the lifeless form of the great commander, it is fitting that soldiers, statesmen, financiers, mer-

chants, judges, lawyers, mechanics and toilers should mingle their tears of grief in honor of the soldier-statesman. As mechanics and toilers we desire to do honor to the great master worker, for we have not forgotten his unselfish life, beginning in work and ending when his last self-appointed task was done, with that beautiful expression, "I am ready."

Every act of his life teaches a lesson to the nation, and points to a duty for us to perform and teach to our children. The public and private sentiments of General Grant evince a strong love for his country, its institutions, its people, its industries, and especially for its workers. His memorable words, uttered as he was about to assume the office of Commander-in-Chief, "My headquarters shall be in the field," struck a responding chord in the heart of the toiling masses, as they indicated that the great master mechanic was to personally labor and note every progress of the work and be ready for any emergency.

And again, when he promulgated that electric message, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer," the President, the people and the army were strengthened and convinced that this great master mechanic would achieve victory over treason, and secure union among divided States.

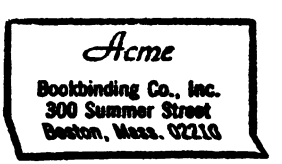
Again, after armed treason had been triumphantly conquered, this great commander exhibited his statesmanship by uttering the words of wisdom—"Let us have peace." The disturbers of national tranquility were silenced; farmers were encouraged to till the soil; mechanics and laborers found employment in building factories, and manufacturing interests received a new stimulus. The united efforts of labor and capital created wealth; fraternity between the people of States that had been in civil strife was fostered; families were reunited, and peace, happiness and prosperity resumed their normal condition.

Let us not forget the lesson taught by the life of the great master mechanic. May our legislators, diplomats, educators, men of science, artisans and capitalists build our platforms on the great

principles he taught, making them so broad and firm that the rich and the poor, the high and the low, may find a welcome on their planks.

"I desire the good will of all," is another lesson he bequeathed to us. Yes, the whole nation gives to him its good will. The North, the South, the East and the West, can truly clasp hands over the bloody chasm, for his body fills the last gap. Hereafter the toilers of ages to come will relate to their little ones the glories of the American hero, U. S. Grant; how he loved the people and institutions of a great Republic, and saved it from disunion.

Oh, great and good God, we truly believe that you loved this nation and had pity on its people; for during the darkest hour of our national existence, when we needed a leader, good, strong and true, Thou didst not give us a Napoleon, a Cromwell or a Wellington, but Thou didst give to us Grant—our noble and regreted General Grant.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